His venome tooth will rackle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death and hell, haue set their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gratious Lord.
Qu. M. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from: (sell,
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.
Ryu. And so doth mine; I wonder shees at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her by gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge:
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hoat to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,
He is franckt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.
Ryu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.
Catesf. Madam his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Ry. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt man. Ri.*
Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others:
Clarence whom I indeed haue laid in darkenes,
I doe beweepe to many simple guls:

Name-

Namely to Hastings, D
And say it is the Queen
That stirre the King ag
Now they beleeue me, a
To be reuenged on Ry
But then I sigh, and wit
Tell them that God bid
And thus I clothe my n
With old odde ends sto
And seeme a Saint when
But soft here come my e
How now my hardy sto
Are you now going to
Execu. We are my Lo
That we may be admitt
Glo. It was well thou
When you haue done re
But sirs; be sudden in the
Withall, obdurate, doe
For Clarence is well spo
May, moue your harts to
Exec. Tush feare not
Talkers are no good do
We come to vse our han
Gl. Your eies drop mil
I like you lads, about yo
Ente
Brok. Why lookes yo
Clar. Oh I haue past
So full of vgly sights, of
That as I am a christian
I would not spend anot
Though twere to buy a
So full of dismall terror
Brok. What was your
Cla. Me thoughts I w
And in my company my
Who from my cabbine t

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